

The slight Disgrace with patient Heart endure,
 Nor *Cynthia* shall divulge, but wait the Cure;
 This Night I'll offer up a fervent Prayer,
 And deprecate the Horrors of the Scar;
 Thy wounded Finger *Venus* shall restore,
 But trust to Steel, advent'rous Fair, no more.

This, and much more he said to sooth the Maid,
 And his vast stores of Eloquence display'd;
 His melting Words restore her wonted Peace,
 And Hope reviving, all her Fears decrease.

At length the mighty Theme exhausts his Art,
 And emptied all the Nonsense of his Heart;
 But now the Tea remov'd, the Prattle o'er,
 And all the Scandal of the Day before,
 The Baron took his leave, and left the Fair,
 And his gilt Chariot rattl'd o'er the Square;
Fannia at length in Slumbers clos'd her Eyes,
 And Men, and Monkeys in Delusion rise.

F I N I S.



11490 f.10.

THE
M O C K
CAMPAIN;
O R,
ENGLISH BRAVERY:
A
P O E M.

*Quis feræ Bellum curet Iberiæ?
Stravit Humum sine Clade Victor.*

HORAT.



L O N D O N :

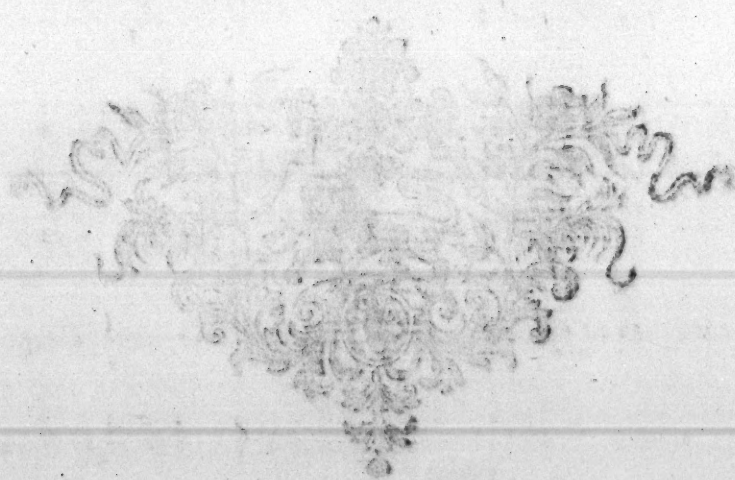
Published by C. CORBETT, at *Addison's Head*, over against *St. Dunstan's Church*, in *Fleet-street*. MDCCXL.

(Price One Shilling.)

THE
M O C K
CAMP AIGN

OR
ENGLISH BRAVERY

P O E M



L O N D O N
Published by G. CORRIE, at the 'Star and Garter', over against St. Dunstons Church, in Fleet Street. MDCCCX.
(Price One Shilling.)

THE
MOCK CAMPAIGN:

P O E M.



WHEN Foes obdurate grow, and *Treaties*
fail,
Parade and *Tinsel Shew* oftentimes pre-
vail;
Too much in Foreign Climes have *Britons* shewn
Their Gaiety, 'tis Time to please their own:
Our *Naval Pomp* on *Naples*' Shore display'd,
Gave every *Marine Beau* a yielding Maid,
Secure the Warriors lay, undreading Wars,
Venus the *Fight* directs, and gives the *Scars* :
Nor more the Danger, nor much more the Prize,
When sent to glad the *Russian* Fair One's Eyes,
The *Ermin'd Toasts* the Fleeting Hours beguile,
And chear the Mariners *pacific Toil* :
Be this then *Britain's* Boast ! To shun the *Fight*
And sooth th' inj'ring World to do her Right ;
Where-e'r

Where-e'er her Navies sail, spare but the Storm,)
All must admire their *Order*, and their *Form* ;
 How gay their Outfides, and their In how neat !
 How free their Captains, and how grand they treat !
 How cruel then to rend the Vessel's Side,
 Which else might long in painted Triumph ride !
 Can the loud *Cannon's* Roar such Sounds afford,
 As lulling *Flutes* to charm the Nymphs aboard ?
 Wave the gay Streamers with a meaner Grace
 When Captains *dine*, than when they *Spaniards* chase ?
 In *Peace* the gaudy Ship attracts the Eye ;
 From the dread Din of *War* Spectators fly.
 'Thou Blest SPITHEAD, the *British* Fleet's Abode,
 Hast to the Curious oft that Pleasure shew'd ;
 When with undaunted Hearts the *Heroes* strove,
 In Mimic War their Prowess to approve ;
 Now briskly charge, as brisk draw off again,
 And humble in *Conceit* the *Pride* of *Spain* ;
 Still mayst thou spread thy hospitable Arms,
 Still thus amuse us when the Foe alarms,
 Nor us alone but Shores remoter aid,
 And glad all *Europe* with the gay *Parade*.

ENOUGH ! the Rustic cries, must we thus pay
 For Naval Pomp to bear our Wealth away ?

For

For Taxes paid, for all our hoarded Gold,
 Let us at Home a little Sport behold;
 You talk of Battles, and of *Wond'roust Fights*,
 Of Forts demolish'd, and such brave Exploits;
I well remember when our English fought,
 Our *Parson* preach'd their Praise, and *Flags* were brought,
 So quick they conquer'd, and we pray'd so fast,
Thanksgivings weary'd us quite out at last;
 But *VERNON's* Deeds no stall-fed Curates tell,
 At *Sunday* Pray'rs, nor sounds the gladsome Bell.
 Sleep, Sleep, ye holy Drones of Awful *Paul's*!
 No longer *Anna's* Pray'rs disturb your Walls,
 No swelling Anthems break the Organ's Rest,
 Unless at *Clergy's*, or a *Marriage Feast*.

WHAT Signs of War?--*Janus's* fell Gates are spread,
 And furly *Mars* hath frown'd, and shook his Head;
 We'll show you e'er the Year hath gone its Round
 Something, for your *four Shillings in the Pound*;
 See from the East the ratt'ling Hinges roar,
 And *Cæsar's* * *Fabrick* yields Ye all its Store;
 The gaping Cits ev'n on *Militia* Day,
 Ne'er saw a Scene so dreadful, or so gay;
 Thro' the throng'd Streets the grand Artill'ry moves,
 ---Start not ye Fair! the Farce quite harmless proves:
 † Tube behind Tube their *formal Order* keep,
 But in their Wombs no *deadly Thunders* sleep;

B

The

* The Tower of London.

† Addison's Campaign.

The Weighty Metal quite unus'd to *Jars*,
 Like Modern Courage shrinks at Thought of *Wars*;
Heavy and *slow* the *Carriages* wheel on,
 'Till one more cautious than the rest breaks down;
 Hence do the *Superstitious Vulgar* boad
 A Thousand Ills, and spread *their Fears* Abroad;
 In Jests and Gibes they taunt our valiant Sons,
 And jeer the *solemn March* of uselefs Guns:
 Unhappy Engines! whose *terrific Roar*
 Hath oft struck *Terror* to the *Gallic* Shore,
 Now doom'd in *peaceful Pride* to drawl along,
 To make a Holliday, and please the *Throng*;
 You the *best Favourites* of the *British Crown*,
 That gave *ELIZA* and great *ANNE* Renown!
 You, they *both* own'd their *Ministers of State*,
 You made *CONVENTIONS* best, and best could *TREAT*:
 Whene'er You spake on *Land* or on the *Main*,
France caught the *Infectious Fear* from *trembling Spain*.

ASK ye what *Britain* was? with dread *Surprize*
 See *Edward*, *Henry* and *Eliza* rise;
 Then, like a *Nymph* ador'd, in lovely *Pride*
 She on the *Ocean* fate a *blooming Bride*,
 Immensely rich, yet great in *Native Charms*,
 And the *green God* entic'd her to his *Arms*;

Now

Now settled Grief her *Face* hath *farrow'd* o'er,
 And *slighted Traffic* shuns the once-lov'd Shore,
 No Bloom remains, she sinks, she droops alas!
 The *Hag* disguises what the *Beauty* was.

THEIR Ardor check'd, behold her Sons supine,
 While various Nations for their Ruin join;
 Invet'rate Foes by diff'rent Maxims led,
 With joint Acclaim seek her devoted Head,
Iberia's Insults all her Pow'r deride,
 Ev'n on the *Main*, our *Empire*, we're defied,
France to her Force perfidious Friendship joins,
 One boldly *storms*, the other *undermines*;
 'Tis hard to say which most our Faith beguiles,
Le Quadra's Honour, or calm *Fleury's* Smiles;
 This Truth some Spirit whispers in my Ear,
 " Seek not the Cause abroad, you'll find it here,
 " *Pistoles* and *Lewi d'Ors* have *equal* Charms,
 " And teach that *Peace* is better far than *Arms*.

IN vain we more than human Patience shew,
 Insults on Insults bear, yet stop the Blow;
 Fierce *Atys* will Mankind no longer spare,
 * *But Havock!* cries, and slips the Dogs of War,
 All Europe trembles, *Austria* fainting seems,
 The Slow *Batavian*, as his Custom, dreams;

Divided

Divided Princes claim fair *Juliers*' Fields,
 And *Britain* fam'd for Plots to *Russia* yields,
 The *Swede* looks back to *Charles*'s madder Days ;
 While *Naples* sports in Carnivals and Plays,
 The *Sacred Couclave* waits the great Command,
 The H--ly G--ft is not yet come to Hand,
 Whence sportive Wits most wickedly *infer*
 The *Baby Cardinal* should claim the *Chair* ;
 * 'Tis now GREAT *BUFO*'s mighty Soul is prov'd,
 Amidst the *Thick Review* he stands unmov'd,
 Like some *Tormentor* by Divine Command
 Sent to destroy a helpless, guilty Land ;
 And prone his own curst Dictates to perform,
 He BRIBES the TUMULT, and BUYS OFF the STORM.

TO what ye *Cits* do all your Counfels tend ?
 Shall mean Mechanics Statesmens Acts amend ?
 Patriots whose *narrow Views*, unpolish'd, rude,
 Could ne'er extend beyond the *Public Good*,
 Firm to the *savage Temper* of the *Isle*,
 They can't carefs th' *Oppressor* with a *Smile*,
 Whilst *Britain*'s GUARDIAN GENIUS, *debonair*,
 Treats his *Insulters* with a *Courtly Air*,
 Inur'd to Contumely and Disgrace,
 One constant Simper dimples all his Face,

Frowns

Frowns He! Be warm, and he is pleas'd again;
 This oft the *Irish Don* hath render'd plain:
 But when he smiles then dread th'envenom'd Dart,
 Some latent Poison lurks within his Heart,
 He's all a Fiction *blending* Right and Wrong,
 And most he *sooths* when he's most closely *stung*.

STRENUOUS in Wrath ye reach the *Royal Ear*,
 He grants your *just Request*, and sounds to War,
 Anxious for You, your Rights and Trade to save,
 He quits his *much-lov'd Realms*, and tempts the Wave;
 See all the Nations round attend with Fear,
 His great Resolves, and his Behests revere.

A T Home what gen'rous Ardor warms each *Troop*!
 In all the *Dusty March* not many droop:
 And those by *Gin* o'ercome still living Men,
 Rise fresh to *fight*, and then get drunk ag'en.

LO! where th'extended Plain wide round is spread,
 Where Peasants lately did the Robber dread,
 Benighted Higlers urg'd the *found'ring* Steed;
 And *Market Matrons* knowing well their Doom,
 Their Booty hid when trotting early Home:

Here Fate ordain'd to please the Britons Sight,
 With all the pretty *Raree Show* of Fight,
 On either Hand Pavilions stately rise,
 And some *spruce Officer* salutes your Eyes,
 Taught by his *Col'nel* he assumes fierce Airs,
 The puny Infect more than Mortal stares,
 Sunk by Disease his Eyes pale Fires reflect,
 And shrivel'd Sinews the Half Pike direct;
 " --When such command, the bravest Troops must run,
 " His *Merit*, Sir? --- Oh! He's a *Nat'ral Son*,
 Long and well-vers'd in Arms, of Courage bold,
 He was an Ensign when but *Five Years old*.

MARK yon fair Youth, he quickly will be great,
 His Mother charms a Minister of State.

SEE poor *Levinus*, worn with P** and Gout,
 He hobbles on, and will not yet fell out.

SEE beardless Boys nurs'd up with Milk in Down,
 Boast future Acts, and vow to sack a Town.

LO blund'ring *Thraso*, just swell'd up at Court!
 Grown great by friendly aiding am'rous Sport,

Quit

Quit all the Honours *P*—'s Panders claim;
 And menace War with all his blust'ring Frame:
 When Danger's distant, who shall cease to threat?
 When Death approaches, who the Dart will meet?
 Safely intrench'd Our Heroes Strength assume,
 And every Tent speaks *Cloister'd* PHILIP's Doom.
 The *Grecian* Captains came from sacking *Troy*,
 And o'er brisk Wine indulg'd their Martial Joy.
 " Here *Semois* flow'd, 'twas there we pitch'd our Tent,
 " Here *Hector* fell, there *Ajax* made Descent;
 But Modern *Dolls* of War in *Embrio* strut,
 Whole Troops of Foes unseen in Pieces cut,
 " O had I but Ten Thousand *Spaniards* now!
 " E'er Night their Necks should to my Conquest bow.
 " That Sword Knot's neat--O! wou'd the Battles join!
 " --*Tam*' dost not like this Lace?---the Pattern's fine;
 Flasks of *French Wine* the Streams of *Blood* supply,
 As frequent *Oaths* the grand *Artillery*,
 Thus *Britons* fancy o'er the whole Campaign,
 And *Hounslow's* Standard waves the DREAD OF SPAIN.

ON Fancy, on, the glorious Scene pursue!
 In Ranks they stand, All powder'd for *Review*;

Rough *Mars* could never in such Splendor move,
 As fair *Adonis* form'd for softest Love;
 See the Battalions in due Form advance,
 (View this and tremble, all ye Dupes of *France*!)
 The Sun o'er brighten'd Swords, and Muskets gleams,
 But scorns to set in Blood his heav'nly Beams;
 Now Horse and Foot for the Attack prepare,
 And every gaping Booby thinks it War,
 The levell'd Pieces seeming Death proclaim,
 And pointed Cannon take a needless Aim;
 Loud found the Trumpets, and the Kettles beat,
 Corps follow Corps, and Regiments Regiments meet,
 High in the Air the Ensigns wave around,
 And prancing Coursers paw the Sunburnt Ground.
 " For what are all these Preparations pray?
 " Are we to fight?---Shall we shew *Spain* some Play?
 " Is *Ir'land* safe?---'Tis good to keep sure Watch!
 ---Ah! Sir, *All* this is but a CRICKET MATCH.

IN silent Moan the honest Farmer grieves,
 To think his Country no Redress receives:
 Better these Troops on *Spanish* Plains were shewn,
 Than kept for Fools to gaze at on Our Own,

Who

Who while with Joy they feast upon the Sight,
 Are doom'd *themselves* the *Victims* of the *Fight*.
 For what avails the *Feather*, or the *Lace*,
 While tamely thus we undergo Disgrace?
 'Twice twelve revolving Moons on *Spain's* proud Shore,
H---k hath shewn the *British* Strength, and Pow'r;
 Each Summer too let fresh *Marines* be rais'd,
 And thus the suff'ring Subject will be eas'd:
War you invok'd, *War* your Petitions crave,
 As Children *Rattles*, Sirs, a *War* ye have.
 Revenge! Revenge! the plunder'd Merchant cries;
 But calmer PRUDENCE---*Patience*, Sir! replies;
 See where she deigns in *W---e's* Form to guide
 Th'unerring Reins, and o'er your Wrath preside;
 " He bids you cease, or to Distress you run,
 " Fond to be ruin'd, sure to be undone;
 " Shall PEACE, fair Maid, be foil'd by Ruffian Hand,
 " The dear-bought Blessing of the *British* Land;
 " 'Cause *vent'rous Pedlars* plough the raging Main,
 " And *licens'd Pyrates* spoil their hard got Gain;
 " Better to batten here at Home at Ease,
 " And leave the ravag'd Globe to such as these:
 " For PEACE who would not LIBERTY resign?
 " When *Beggars* * clamour must the Battle join?

D

" The

* All *Courtiers* of a Polite Taste are taught to call the Trading Part of the Nation *Sturdy Beggars*, tho' they owe their Grandeur chiefly to them.

“ The useleſs Millions you in Riot waſte,
 “ Will *purchase* you a Peace perhaps may laſt.---
 --Purchase ! good Heav’ns ! why glows the *British* Breaſt,
 If we muſt Favours ſue from Thieves confeſt ?
 Tear from the Staff the *Croſs* ſo once rever’d,
 Which *England* bears no longer own’d or fear’d ;
 While Records tell, that, ſunk by Coward Wiles,
 A NEST OF PYRATES awes the QUEEN OF ISLES.
 “ Pyrates ? dear Sir ! how then ? --- conſider well,
 “ What Hiſtories of mighty *Cæſar* tell,
 “ He ſeiz’d by them a *Monſtrous Ransom* * gave ;--
 “ --*Freedom* obtain’d, no Matter how, is brave :
 Strange Reas’ning this ! --- but ’tis the *Standard* now--
 --Bend, bend the Suppliant Neck ! ye *Britons* bow !
 Content in Pain your future Pittance eat,
 As *Spain* ſhall dictate, or Sir *** think meet.
 For Terms like theſe *flow’d* ſo much hoſtile Blood ;
 When DRAKE and RALEIGH fought their Country’s Good.
 Ill-fated *Raleigh* ! not all *England*’s Grief,
 Could from a Stateſman’s Malice beg his Life.
 The Patriot a *deſtin’d Victim* fell
 T’ united *Burleigh*, *Gondomar*, and *Hell* ;
 Guard us kind Shade ! leſt Modern Times ſhould ſhew
 † ONE great, *belov’d*, yet doom’d to fall like You.

BOLD

* *Cæſar* gave 50 Talents, or 9375 l. a large Sum for a ſingle Man, yet much at the ſame Rate, which *England* has bought Truces for ſome Years paſt.

† The Fears of all who love their Country will readily point out the Gentleman meant here.

BOLD and resolv'd, enur'd to dang'rous Toils,
 Our Sires enrich'd the Land with Foreign Spoils ;
 No Insults then they tamely bore, an E A R
 Had cost their *King*, and all his Subjects dear ;
 But P--es' Maxims vary with the Times,
Virtues one Century, the next are *Crimes* ;
 How idle then is the shrill Blast of *Fame* ?
 DOMITIAN'S *Honour* had been TITUS' *Shame*.

H A R K ! the big Battle rumbles round the *Heath*,
 Now *bloodless* Fights ensue, and *harmless* Death ;
 Various Detachments move by *slow* Degrees,
 To *reconnoitre* Flocks of *Hens* and *Geese*.
 Them the kind Farmer yields a willing Prey,
 Upon Conditions *Sis* shall march away ;
 While some more eager into Danger *fly*,
 And *carry Sword in Hand* the neighb'ring *Stye*,
 Vain is Resistance where such Skill's display'd,
Pris'ners of War the *captive Pigs* are made.
 The Outworks gain'd, now comes the *grand Attack*,
 Th' *invest* the Door, and *storm* the Bacon Rack.
 So great's their Prowess, and such Feats they do,
 Next Year's Churchwardens will the Skirmish rue.

F I R S T to the *Reveille* the Warriors rise,
 Shake off their Straw, and rub their drowfy Eyes;
 With warm Potations hail *Sol's* genial Ray,
 And with *forbidden Gin* begin the Day:
 The Morning *Gewgaw* past, each as thinks best,
 Like Snakes on funny Hillocks takes his Rest:
 Nor less the *feather'd Heroes* taste Delight,
 Wine wastes the Day, and some kind Girl the Night;
 So before *Ilium* lusty *Grecians* lay,
 And learnt in Ten Years Time at *Chefs* to play;
 Soft downy Beds on parcht-up Grass are spread,
 To which each Morn some destin'd Nymph is led;
 See where triumphant young *Adonis* smiles,
 While *Hoyden Laura* all his Hours beguiles,
 Perfumes exhale, the richest Wines are pour'd,
 And luscious Viands instantly devour'd;
 From Luxury they *fly* to calm Repose,
 And from *Present!* and *March!* to drink, and dose;
 Our Modern Heroes answer *Homer's* right,
 Excepting this, that his would *sometimes fight*.

B U T hark! what *dreadful Din* makes deaf *our Ears?*
 Mount, mount ye *Troops!* Range, range ye *Grenadeers!*

Spies,

Spies, strait dispatch'd, th'ungrateful News relate,
 That some bold Veterans in Durance wait,
 Too far maroding on a Farmer's Ground,
 The sturdy Rustics had the Warriors bound,
 Who else as *Xenophon*, or *Eugene* Great,
 With *two* whole *Sheep* had made a *brave Retreat*;
 This Way the Triumph leads--Take, take the Field!
 To petty *Headboroughs* shall *Soldiers* yield?
 They fall forth; their Breasts with Ardor burn,
 And bravely vow their Comrades shall return;
 But all in vain---Stern *Justice* aids the Fray,
 And to the *painted Staff*, the *Sword* gives Way.

O U R Sovereign's Pride! Immortal Sons of Fame!
 Your deathless Actions shall the Muse proclaim,
 Safer than *Pompey's* Troops in Civil War,
 From *Cæsar's* Veterans you expect no Scar,
 Youths drest like You, so charming, so polite,
 Know 'tis beneath a Gentleman to fight,
 Tho' Romans madly did, and Ancient Grecians--
 If War must be--Hire *Moscovites* or *Hessians*.
 Safer than *Hockstet* is the *Hockley* Sport,
 As this Campaign is but a Rural Court.

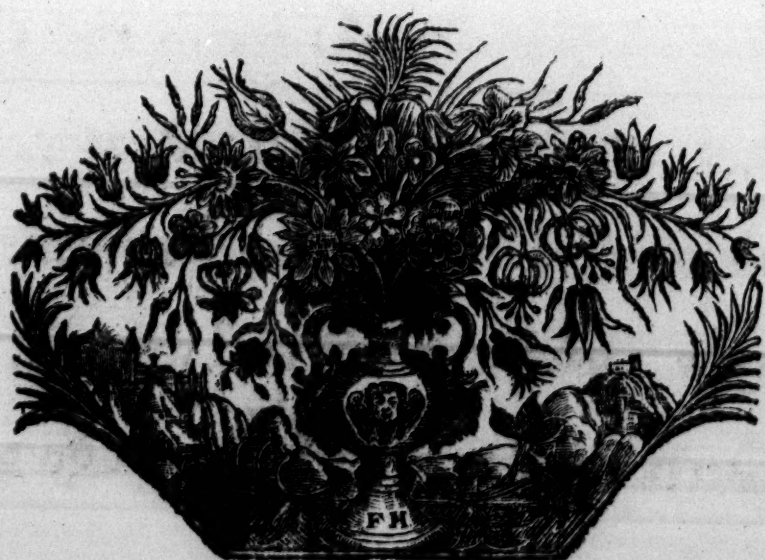
The *Fair's* your only Foe, such spritely Men,
 Of Course an easy Conquest must obtain:
 So neat, so jaunty, each spruce Warrior shews,
 'Twould be a Shame that *Shot* should *tear* your *Cloaths*.
 Your Cannon are by Instinct harmless grown,
 And modishly their *Kindred Balls* disown;
 Their empty Eccho only now displays
 Great ****'s Power on *Red Letter Days*;
 Let *Plumbers* seize by Right the *murdring Lead*,
 Of pond'rous *Bombs* be useful *Jack-Weights* made.

BUT see where *Britain's* better Hope retires,
 More active Views his ardent Bosom fires.
 Weary of mimic Fight and sham Pretence,
 N—s and *Victory* entice him hence:
 Better be *Sea-sick* in a first Rate Ship,
 Than lifeless all the Day at *Hounslow* sleep.

H E A R *Venus!* (for our Army is thy Care)
 Hear and indulge an honest *Briton's* Prayer.
 Preserve the Heroes *sleeping on the Ground*,
 Let no cold *dewy Damps* be spread around,
 Nor poignant Darts of Love their Courage wound.

Safe let them *sleep*, unhurt by scatt'ring Balls,
 Unless when *Football*, or when *Cricket* calls.
Frenchmen may *mediate*, or *Spaniards* plunder,
 While *Britons* gen'rously with-hold their Thunder ;
 Our *Actions* prove this *Motive* understood,
 " That PRIVATE far exceeds the PUBLIC GOOD,
 " AS TAME CAMPAIGNS do Honour *shedding Blood*.
 " And to a plunder'd Nation, better far,
 " Is a PRECARIOUS PEACE than VENGEFUL WAR.

F I N I S.



Safe let them keep, unhurt by scaring Balls,
Unless when Football, or when Cricket calls,
Firemen may meddle, or Spawards plunder,
While Britons generously withhold their Thunder;
Our Actions prove this Matter understood,
That Private far exceeds the Public Good,
As Tame Campaigns do Honour, shedding Blood,
And to a plunder'd Nation, better far,
Is a Precarious Peace than Vengeful War.



F I W I S

